

THE COLLEGE CORD

WATERLOO COLLEGE, WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Vol. 2

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No. 13



Merry Christmas



A SHOCKING REVELATION TO UNDER-CLASSMEN

It Is Time That The Following Facts
Are Disclosed To The Freshmen
And Sophomores.

Christmas Eve is the greatest night in the year. It is a night of mystery. When everybody is in bed, except the policeman and he's sleeping, down the chimney comes an old gentleman in a red cloak, bordered with white wool, carrying over his back an immense sack stuffed with toys and candies. The policeman does not see this old housebreaker; the black soot does not smirch his beautiful red and white clock; more wonderful still, the smallest chimney on the humblest roof in all the world is wide enough for his descent, sack and all. The fact is that Santa Claus or St. Nicholas is a spirit, a ghost.

He is the ghost of that good St. Nicholas who went about doing generous acts in secret; who slipped money through the keyholes or under the doors of poor peoples' homes

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DAD AND HIS LAD

"Daddy! I've asked you many times,
Just where old Santa lives,
And where he gets his many toys,
Which to us boys he gives?"

"Does Santa go to other lads
Who live beyond the sea,
And if he does how can he be
O'er there and here with me?"

"Or daddy has he company
Who help him Christmas Eve,
Say one in China and Japan
And one in Germany?"

"If Santa here in Canada
Should suddenly take ill;
Would any little Eskimo
Our Christmas stockings fill?"

"But Daddy! what will my boys do
When Santa's old and grey
And Dunner-Blitzen run no more
Will there be Christmas day?"

"Remember well my little lad
That Christmas is the day
When Jesus on this earth was born
To wash our sins away."

—G. W. R.

A Joyful Christmas

All the world loves Christmas. It is peculiarly a time of joy for the children, but we are all children at the Christmas Tree. Then as at no other festival of the year, are the lines of separation that age and condition would draw pushed aside, and the impulses of childlike hearts prompt to acts of rejoicing. The exchange of gifts is more than a convention; it is an expression of goodwill born of the spirit that is abroad.

The commercial world has adopted a Christmas symbol that makes a strong appeal even in Christian homes. Apparently inoffensive to creeds it may be universally employed but too often it attracts to itself the attention that should be given to Jesus. To substitute even the best of idealistic abstractions for the realities on which the season has been built, is to run the risk of great spiritual loss. It is not well when in the exultation over Santa Claus the Christ Child finds "no room in the inn."

The peace and good-will proclaimed by the angels were not born of abstract idealism; they are the fruits of a new nearness of the divine personality. They rest on the solid rock of reconciliation between God and men effected by Christ Jesus. They have come because Jesus, the Son of God, was born on Christmas night. That is why we sing, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come". May love of the Babe of Bethlehem make our Christmas truly joyful.

—N. Willison.

O DAY OF JOY!

O Day of Joy! the eternal name
Of Christ the King attests your fame.
The snow lies deep on hill and dale
Yet Christmas feeling lifts the veil
Of bleak, cold rigour, with its flame.

The urchin in his winter game
The schoolboy with a carefree aim
Forgets the bluster of the gale.

O Day of Joy.

The sun sinks in its opaque frame.
Like years ago, the bright star came
Far up the vault of heaven to hail
The Wisemen's journey on the trail
Of Peace on Earth, Good-will towards men.

O Day of Joy!

H. Louis Hagey.

CHRISTMAS

O thou that comest at the time of
year,
When wintry skies are filled with
ice and snow,
Thy festive pleasures light the earth
so drear,
Thy message mingles with the winds
that blow.

Our hearts are gladdened by thy
joyful strain,
And we express this joy in word or
gift,
With tokens to relieve another's
pain,
And kindnesses the veil of grief to
lift.

But in our ecstasy let's not forget
The greater, brighter, heavenly
Christmas morn,
Were it not for His advent, we
would yet
Wander in darkness, and in hope
forlorn.

Our joy can only reach its fullest
height,
When He who came to earth man-
kind to save,
To bring the world from darkness
into light,
To win eternal victory o'er the
grave

Is placed the highest in our deed
and thought;
When we with angels herald far and
wide
The message that on Christmas
night was brought,
Then peace, good-will shall in our
hearts abide.

Then let the skies resound with
Christmas song,
And Christmas anthems echo round
the world;
For Christ to us, and we to Christ
belong
His banner was on Christmas Day
unfurled. H.K.

THE PAST YEAR

By the time the next issue of the
"College Cord" reaches you, another
year will have passed into eternity.
Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven
has been a notable year in Canadian

Continued on Page 4

THE COLLEGE CORD

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

"And the angels said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praying God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The real significance of Christmas is revealed in these precious words recorded in the Book of Books. As Christians dwelling in a Christmas community our chief joy in the coming celebration should be the birth of our Saviour. The old promise had now been fulfilled. Fear was to be cast out of the human heart and joy was to take its place. The angel made no reservation. Good tidings of great joy were brought to all people. All mankind was to be released from the bondage of fear, and love, the keynote of the teachings of the child born that day among the lowly shepherds in Bethlehem, was to take its place. It is with this love that our hearts should be filled at the Christmas season, the love which breaks down all barriers and makes the whole world akin. Let us, therefore, remember at this season, that the principles of Christ attached to our everyday life and practiced by all mankind would be the best remedy for the many ills of our present age.



The Staff of the "College Cord" extends heartiest greetings and best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to its readers and friends.

Comments

We appreciate deeply the kind sentiment expressed in an editorial comment in the Kitchener "Daily Record" during the past week toward the "College Cord." Such expressions help to strengthen the bonds of mutual good-will and aid in the development of a spirit of fellowship and brotherhood which should exist in a community.

The Christmas season is once more upon us. All hustle and bustle to buy gifts for friends and relatives. Everywhere we are exhorted to buy early and are reminded of the scarcity of shopping days before Christmas. When we stand aside and allow the busy world to rush by, we cannot help but wonder at the general spirit of love, and the prevalent desire to make others happy, which is so prominent among the people at this time of the year. Why cannot man forget his grievances and worries throughout the year, and be, all year round, the gift-strewing, cheerful, happy man he is at Christmas time? When we look back to the time when we used to go to bed early and be up with the sun to see what dear Santa had left us, a feeling of longing creeps over us. Oh! to go back to the happiness of our childhood, when we used to search and plan for weeks and weeks to find something, however small, to make mother and father happy. Something to show them that we still loved and cared even though we might often forget and cause much grief and sorrow during the year. But in the rush of the times, and in the never ending pursuit of success we are apt to lose all thought for our fellow men. Have we then received something that can replace it? If you consider yourself as success, what have you? You may have wealth, luxury, station, prominence, but what have you sacrificed to obtain these? You have lost your carefulness, your kindness, your thoughtfulness. Your fellow man can no longer win your sympathy. Your heart has grown hard and cold. Your ear has become deaf to his appeals, your eyes blind to his needs. But, once a year you come out of your shell, and for a few days or a week, you fly about trying to make the whole world happy, trying to do in one day what you have left undone for a whole year. Would it not be easier to throw off your cares and worries oftener and turn an ear to those of your fellows? For no matter how great your sorrow and trouble may be, there is always forgetfulness of your own when you bury yourself in the troubles of another, and in finding happiness for him you unconsciously lay bare the secret to your own happiness and joy. If we would spread our Christian spirit over the whole

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The Christmas season is characterized by the giving of gifts. This practice has been instituted by God on that very day when he gave His only Son, Jesus Christ, as a gift to the world. What a wonderful gift of love to mankind was that great gift! We who are followers of this Holy Child, whose great teaching is that of love, may at this season of the year give very practical expressions to the spirit instilled by the Divine Master. As believers in this sacred message we should use this opportunity to do something to further His work. A gift to an institution which is preparing men for the service of Christ would be very appropriate.

Your Seminary is carrying on a campaign for a new Seminary Administration Building to be known as the Hoffman Memorial. To make the venture possible quite a large sum of money must still be raised. A substantial donation for this work would make an excellent Christmas gift.

Besides providing the necessary accommodation for the Seminary students, your gift would also serve to perpetuate the name of one of the finest Christian gentlemen ever connected with our institution, the late Dr. E. Hoffman. Such a Christmas gift would carry the real appreciation of the significance of Christian love.

year instead of crowding it into one or two days, we would never need to go hunting for joy, and happiness.

A SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY

(Happened in India)

It was the First Sunday in Advent, also the first Sunday in the Harvest Season. Some Christians brought their first fruits to the Prayer House, as a "Meat and Peace Offering," unto the Lord, expressive of their joy and gratitude of heart. The House was prettily decorated with these offerings.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when some of the Christians and inquirers from the village of A. appeared at my door. "Happy New Year, Sir," said a number of them. "A Happy New Year to you," was my greeting. "Sir," said another one, "we have a request. In four weeks is the Festival of the Nativity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you, Sir, please come and celebrate with us?" Before I could reply, an inquirer said: "Sir, we want you to come and baptise us, make us Christians on that Day; please come." Said I: "If that is the sort of Christmas you are going to have, I surely had better come. But you inquirers must learn faithfully and be ready. You must grow in faith that no troubles will afterward turn you back...." With these words spoken the company trotted off with gladness in their hearts.

As they walked off I heard one say to a Christian: "We are going to be Christians too pretty soon. Wonderful!" And another one said: "Just as Jesus was born in that poor dirty cow-shed, Jesus is going to be born in our filthy hearts; He is not ashamed; He will clean out all the dirt...."

After a bit, one of the company came back and said to me: "Sir, you will have to be our father, and protect us like you do your children. Some wicked fellows in the village want to do something to keep us from becoming Christians." "Did I not tell you to grow in faith. You just trust the Lord, and He will work out His Will," said I. Three weeks later.

There was much joy in the village of A....Everybody was talking about the Festival. There was to be a wonderful time in the hearts and homes and Prayer House of the people. The women were getting all sorts of sweets ready. The Christians collected pennies to buy colored papers to make decorations. The inquirers were busy revising their Catechism, Bible stories, songs etc., getting ready for their pre-baptismal examination.

While there was much joy in our camp, there was growing hatred among the enemies of our Work. They too spent hours in the temple veranda planning how to hinder the Christian congregation from growing. Someone of their crowd who did not subscribe to their plans told us some of their devilish scheming.

One suggested waylaying the teacher and beating him half-dead; another thought of hindering the missionary from coming; and again others considered the best plan to hurt some of the inquirers, thereby making them afraid; whilst another conceived the brilliant idea of burning down the Prayer House, which would at least postpone the Baptism of new members.

These schemes came to our notice. What to do? We discussed ways and means of escaping hurt. Finally said one man: "I don't think we can keep them from doing mischief. If any one can, it is Jesus Christ. After all He is the best watchman and policeman. He can help us." Trusting the Lord and taking every possible precaution the congregation lived on peacefully. They continued preparing for the Festival as if all were bright and hopeful. Four days before Christmas.

It was ten o'clock at night when I suddenly heard someone outside. Looking up, I saw our villagers from A. "Sir, our Prayer House was burned just now. Everything is burned; the poles, and the bambus and the leaves, there is nothing left. Jesus didn't keep the fire off; we thought He would, because we know He is able." Added another: "I guess He wants us to have a new House for Christmas." But rejoined another: "That may be true, but even then He isn't going to build it for us. We must have material." "Hush up, you little-faith-man, you ought to be ashamed to talk like that. The missionary will say we have no faith and perhaps he will not baptise us when he hears such talk. I think Jesus will supply us with material if we will do our work. I say let us pray Him to show us where to get leaves and bambus," said an inquirer. The men all knelt down to pray for the material. They spoke as children do to their father. They themselves had nothing — neither money nor material.

The men went home to their village. It must have been midnight. When they got there, some Christians met them and said: "We are going to have a new Prayer House for Christmas. Some of the villagers pitying us promised leaves and timber. We must all work hard to get the shed up." The men all felt their prayer had been answered.

Another misfortune happened. An inquirer was mobbed because he insisted becoming Christian. Fortunately the blows were not as serious as thought at first. But even this deterred no one; the Christmas Festival plans were carried out. Christmas Eve.

I arrived in the village of A. about an hour early, but when I got near the new Prayer House, I heard glad singing. The congregation had already assembled, and they were just having a good time singing

merrily Christmas songs.

As I stepped into the Prayer House the people politely arose, saluting: "A merry Christmas to you."

There was a programme long enough to last three full hours. There was only one thing to do, — to go through it.

Before we went to the programme proper, we had our Baptismal Service.

The inquirers could hardly wait. What a happy crowd they were!

As one sat down he whispered to his neighbor: we are no longer devil-worshippers; we are Christ's people.

Next came our Christmas Tree programme. Hymns, lessons from the Old and New Testaments, dialogues, speeches, etc. made up the entertainment.

When the Christmas Tree offerings was asked, a number of Hindus who stood near the doors and windows made their contribution. I asked them why they gave. "O, we just like to give something too," said one of them. The teacher whispered to me that one of the men was responsible for beating the inquirer; and he thought that perhaps the others were involved in the conflagration.

I went out, and talked to them privately. I told them they were responsible for a number of rowdy acts; I also told them we did not want their gifts, that there is no blessing upon such money.... They became much annoyed that we should refuse their gifts. Finally I succeeding in writing from them a confession. Yes, they were the guilty parties, they had burned down the Prayer House, they had beaten the inquirer: These rowdies had become afraid. They were afraid that we might ask our Christ to curse them. I brought them to the door, and then said to the congregation; these are the men who have done you wrong, they have burned your house, they beat you (pointing to the inquirer), they have thought all sorts of harm against you, now what shall we do? Said one of the new Christians: "Sir, I suggest we forgive them, just as Christ forgives us the wicked things we do." An elder stood up and said: "I think they must be fined. They must pay our losses, and they must give the man they beat something".... These men agreed to everything said. They went home and brought the money; the congregation forgave them.

After the Christmas Tree celebration.

The Christians enjoyed some sweets. Later on they paraded through the village, singing Christmas songs. They stopped here and there at the houses of the "gentry." They returned home shortly before daybreak.

Next came the Christmas Day

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Service.

Every house showed signs of joy — colored paper decorations; Bible verses appropriately written out in large characters, hung in front of the huts; the streets carefully cleaned etc. The place was a fit habitation for God.

We had a real Christmas. E.N.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

The day was calm; the sun through frosty air
 In splendour beamed
 Upon the sparkling diamonds seen
 On snow that clung to evergreen.
 The banks of snow that sparkled everywhere
 A beauty seemed
 On Christmas day.

The East brought forth another Son, a King,
 Whose diadem
 Just sparkled with celestial light
 As men beheld that wondrous sight,
 This Son was humbly born, though yet a King,
 In Bethlehem
 On Christmas day.

The gracious Father through His only Son
 Salvation brought
 For all mankind. "And peace on earth
 Good will to men," after his birth,
 The angels sang. May this by us be done!
 A blessed thought
 On Christmas day.

John Edward Miller.

THE PAST YEAR

Continued from Page 1

history. Our Dominion has this year celebrated its diamond jubilee, the sixtieth anniversary of its existence. To commemorate this event many public celebrations have been held throughout the country. Men have been loud in their praises of our fair Dominion. They have extolled its bountiful natural resources, and the industry and thriftiness of its people. They have pointed out that we are living in a land of peace and prosperity, where every citizen is solicitous as to the welfare of his neighbor. We are coming to maturity. What advances will we have made when we celebrate the Canadian centenary? That will and can only be determined by the advances which we make in every individual year. Let us not falter in our work, but take the example set to us by the pioneers, who hewed a home out of the great forests of this country and prepared the way for the rise of one of the greatest nations of the new world.

Love toward our land does not in words consist,
 Deeds must be done to prove the patriot's zeal,
 Our country's service must our all enlist,
 And we must stand by her in woe and weal.

O Canada we love thy fair green fields!
 We love thy wintry blasts of snow and cold!

Thy changing sky thy sons but pleasure yields.

Thy rigor serves a rugged youth to mold.

Thy own, who deem thee first and best, and who

In years to come will battles for thee win,

O may eternal strength their life renew!

O may they ne'er bow down to sordid sin!

O Canada of sixty golden years! What will the future have in store for thee?

May time ne'er see thy bearded men in tears,

Thy shores no more the bourn of Liberty.

We pledge thee faith, and what will come, let come,

We'll guard our father's rights with heart and hand,

Who for their welfare came to find a home,

Within the confines of this sacred land. H. K.

Monk: (In the dining room): Pass the salt please.

Goos: Certainly.

Monk: That isn't salt; that's pepper.

Goos: Oh, I just got my seasons mixed.

Undergrad to married graduate—Say, has the stork visited you, yet?

Graduate—What? Do you believe in Santa Claus too?

Dr. Potter to student after lecture—Were you out late last night?

Student—No.

Doctor—I thought you must have been, you looked so bleary-eyed in class this morning.

Student—Oh! I guess it must have been the lecture.

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SPORTS

COLLEGE LOSES SECOND CAGE GAME TO GUELPH

Guelph Superior In Combination
And Experience.

George Robert's Cagers suffered defeat at the hands of the Guelph team in one of the most spectacular and exciting games that has been played on the Y. M. C. A. floor this year. The game was a very snappy and a pleasing affair, and met the approval of the spectators. It proved to be one of the best played by the Cagers this year. The combination and shooting of both teams was excellent as the final score 37-48 indicates. The game by periods was as follows:

First Period

The game started off at a fast clip, Waterloo College taking the lead a few seconds after play started when Carter sank a basket from centre floor. After that Guelph scored two baskets to forge ahead and held that place until the close of the game. The tactics used by the visiting team was a four men offensive game, coming in under the basket and shooting, whereas the College shot from a long range. The star of the Guelph team was Hamilton, while the star of the College team was L. Hagey, each making the sum of 14 points for their respective teams in the first half. The score at half time was 23-25 for Guelph.

Second Period

A few seconds after the period started L. Hagey and B. Carter sank two baskets for the College making the score 27-28. This made the game more interesting, and the College started a better defence game than in the first-half. Hamilton the star of the Guelph team started on an expedition of basket-getting and with the assistance of his team-mates ran the score to 37. Carter and G. Hagey made a basket each which again made the score very close, 32-37. The game ended with the Guelph team playing consistent combination and the College still trying to overcome the lead. The final score was 37-48 for Guelph.

Guelph Team

R. F., Brown; L. F., Hamilton; C., Lark; R. G., Laing; L. G., Bell; subs., Blackstock, Richardson and Keefe.

Waterloo Team

R. F., G. Hagey and Carter; L. F., L. Hagey and Klinck; C., M. Reiner; R. G., Bretzlaff; L. G., Baetz and Haas.

SPORT DOPE

By

A. WHISPER

The game with the Guelph Y was a mighty fast game. Some of the players on both teams were "all in" after the contest.

Both teams are to be commended on their good sportsmanship and clean tactics. There is no disgrace for the college in the fact that they lost. Every player gave his best but it just wasn't enough to overcome the ability and experience of the visitors.

The Guelph aggregation is composed of experienced players, all of them have played before on collegiate and university teams. Bell, their captain is an old Varsity player who played in the days when Toronto held the basketball crown for the province.

Organized cheering was very prominent through its absence. Many teams have been carried forward past the point of exhaustion by organized cheering. How would it be if someone took the position of cheerleader? The different teams are representing the College. Why not have a little College atmosphere at the games instead of asking the score the next morning at the breakfast table?

The need of uniform size gymnasium was demonstrated in the game at Galt. The small gym led to much close checking which would not have occurred on an average gym.

The playing of Reiner, Orth, Haas Carter and Klinck was worthy of commendation. These fellows played a mighty fine game after 'Bretz' and the two Hageys were chased to the showers.

Tommy Henderson was well satisfied with the showing of the team and believes with consistent practice and more condition we will give any team in the league a run for the championship.

The players on the cage team should keep in touch with a basketball during the Christmas vacation if the opportunity is afforded them. Don't take too big a rest or there

CAGERS LOSE FIRST GAME

Basketeers Lost to Galt 26-23 in a
Rough and Hectic Game

With a new team, playing on a strange floor and with a rather bewildered referee in charge the purple and gold lost their first game on Sat., Dec. 3.

Nevertheless, the defeat was not dishonorable. An odd basket at any moment would have decided the game in our favour but somehow or other the basket just couldn't be scored.

The game started off with a rush on our basket. G. Hagey had the misfortune to foul a Galt man who sank the penalty shot for the first point. This put the college on their toes and after 3 minutes of play G. Hagey scored a beautiful shot from center.

The referee was kept busy calling fouls on both teams and to his credit we must say that he conscientiously tried to get everything even if he was given very little assistance by the umpire.

The Galt quintet were playing a five man defence with wonderful effect. The college offensive could not break through. Galt scored several points on foul shots but L. Hagey also had his share of free tries.

The Scotchmen took the lead on a couple of nice shots by Jimmie Stuart their diminutive forward.

The College could not get acquainted with the fact that they would have to shoot from center floor. L. Hagey scored one from three quarter floor and then Gerry came back with another.

This made the game more interesting and also turned it into a rather rough manner of play.

Baetz and Bretzlaff on the defense were holding their end of the floor up fine but somehow Vic Brown of Galt was able to score on a beautiful shot from centre.

Half time whistle blew with the score 9-13 for Galt.

On resuming play Reiner took Orth's position at center. The game had been on only for a few minutes when Gerry Hagey had his fourth personal and was forced to retire. Klinck took his place.

The game at this stage was out of control as far as the referee was concerned.

Both teams were indulging in rough tactics. Bretz had his fourth foul called and Haas took his place.

may be fatal results, when we play the K-W Y. on Jan. 7th.

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A few minutes later L. Hagey also was forced to leave the game, Carter taking his place.

The Galt boys had been scoring a good percentage of their foul shots.

With the new and lighter forward line on chances look rather glum. The new players however showed up wonderfully well and ran the heavier Galt team ragged. The score kept getting closer and closer and the time shorter and shorter.

Carter scored a foul shot making the score 23-26. Both teams were putting their last ounce of energy in the game for another basket but the whistle blew and the struggle was over.

Galt had 26 foul shots and scored 12. The College had 17 foul shots and scored 7.

Taking everything into consideration the team did well but games are won and lost by 3 points and when we have Galt here we expect that the team with more practice and better condition will pull through with a win.

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WHEN I SAW SANTA CLAUS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A Freshman's Report

Well, if it isn't old Saint Nick, himself. Parked your buggy and come to stay for a short time and leave a remembrance or two, eh?

It certainly is a treat to see you again, old dear, what's in the pack?

Just so, I greeted Santa Claus when I surprised him in the parlour kissing the maid. Then, of course, I got anything I wanted. Dear old Santa is a kind-hearted old soul when you get him in the right mood. He asked me not to tell mother for fear she would object to an old snow-bound suitor for the maid. And, of course, five dollars is quite a bit of money to me, so I promised him.

Then, Santa shooed me off to bed so he could place the presents under the tree. I went, at least, I went part of the way, far enough so he could not see me, but yet, I could keep an eye on him. Gee! he had some swell presents, a sleigh, a train and a gun and other things.

Then another funny thing happened. Mother happened to come down stairs. I hid, and watched, expecting to see some fun, as the maid was still there, but no, she heard mother too, and promptly left. Santa was there alone, admiring his work in trimming the tree and when mother went into the room he lovingly took her in his arms and kissed her. Gosh, but Santa Claus is fickle. I guess I had better not say anything to Dad though, for fear I would not get any presents next year.

I enjoyed my Christmas very much, and Dad even let me have the car and did not say anything when I got in late—an unheard of thing—but I guess he was feeling good after his Christmas dinner.

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Christmas Cheer

The snow has come
And bee and bird
No more are heard
Where sap once stirred.

Now bells we hear
O'er snow-clad plain
Devoid of rain
And golden grain.

The snowy wind
Blows o'er the lea
And decks each tree
Becomingly.

The pale blue sky
And nights so cold
To us unfold
The stars of old.

Perchance that star
The Wisemen saw
Still fills with awe
We men of law.

That star of peace
And Christian love
To all does prove
God's boundless love.

The love of God
This Christmas spell
To all will tell
Who in Him dwell.

Blessed cheer to all
Who Him forsook
Yet to His Blood
For comfort look.

Of Christmas Cheer
From Christ, the Lord,
The College Cord
Would send you word.

—Earle Clare Shelley.

BOARDING CLUB BANQUET FRIDAY EVE., DECEMBER 16

Members Of Club Are Anxiously
Awaiting Annual Event.

The resident students are anxiously awaiting their annual feast before the Christmas retreat. As in former years, the event will be staged in the gymnasium. Adequate preparations are being made by a committee appointed for the occasion. The members of the Club are already practicing up the old banquet song, "Goose, goose, we want more goose," etc. This demand will be fully met when we sit down before plates loaded with choice cuts from the "luscious bird" which at the present time may still be walking the barnyard in a very dignified manner, wholly unapprehensive of its impending fate and ultimate destination. However, we do not wish to anticipate the affair too much. A detailed report will appear in the next issue.

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THE LESSON OF THE NORTH

The Great Axeman of the North Goes Out After a Christmas Tree

It was one fine, crisp, cold, invigorating, healthy, and any other adjective you can think of in your idle moments, morning. The axeman of the north rose early, as usual, about noon, and contemplated on the idea of going out after his own Christmas tree, so that he could save the great expense of buying one. The more he contemplated on it, the more his contemplation was convinced as to the favourableness of the idea.

The axeman of the north, it might be well to let you know, is a certain person of my acquaintance who spent his summer in the north country—in the great open spaces where men are men and so on—and there learned how to use an axe. He spent a lot of time clearing a trail for a telephone line and consequently became quite intimate with the axe and all its peculiarities. The axe, you know, is a very funny thing and unless watched very carefully will do much damage, such as cutting off a toe or two and biting a piece off the leg of a careless axeman. Well, anyway, this friend of mine spent about two months in close connections with an axe, and so I call him the axeman of the north.

As I said, the more he thought of the idea of going out after his own tree the more inspired he was. He descended to the cellar and got the axe, then he took a file and began to sharpen the weapon—the art of which he learned up north. It certainly is a wonder what the north will teach one. The blade was quite like a saw, having been used to break up too large pieces cannell coal. After an hour or so of labour the tree hunter had filed his axe till it suited his purpose.

He, then, attired himself in his northern outfit and was ready to start out on his tree hunting expedition. He put his axe in the car and climbed behind the wheel, and, after the customary custom of starting, he started.

He headed for the country, because he believed that to be the best location of a forest in which he might find a suitable tree. He drove it seems, for miles and finally came to a forest. Here he believed was his prey. He stopped his car and then proceeding to look for a young balsam suited to his purpose. He wandered about for some time looking for the spot where his woodsman's instinct would tell him of the possible presence of balsam. Finally he found a low swamping place. Ah, this, something told him, was the place. He continued to tramp around the evergreens, now and then breaking through the ice and

GERMANIA VEREIN MAKES ITS FIRST DEBUT

Mixed Programme Pleases Audience.

The Germania Verein made its debut on Thursday evening, Dec. 8, when it presented a "Gemueltlicher Unterhaltungsabend" in the Waterloo Town Hall. Although wintry blasts were blowing a large crowd was in attendance.

The programme which was rendered entirely in the German language, consisted of student songs, instrumentals, humorous recitals, a debate in the Pennsylvania dialect and a short play. Some of these numbers brought roars of laughter from the audience, but students can also be serious, and when they sang several sentimental student songs a death-like stillness came over the audience.

The students, who participated in the programme, were directed by Dr. H. Schorten. There is no doubt that Dr. Schorten is proud of his boys and his appreciation is expressed by those familiar words "Ist gut."

going knee-deep into the ice cold swamp. Then in the distance he saw a tree which from all appearances was a balsam and a fine looking one too, nice size and evenly balanced. I don't mean on the trunk, but the limbs were alike on all sides, the tree was symmetrical—an excellent word. The tree was quite in the open and nothing to hinder the mighty swings of the axeman's axe. Chop, chop and a couple of more chops—sounds like dinner—and the tree fell. After felling the tree, the axeman proceeded to clear away the ungainly limbs, then stepped back after propping up the tree, to view his work. It was now similar in appearance to an ostrich, except it didn't have a long neck, and of course the colour was different. Too much trunk, thought my friend, and he went to chop off a foot—a foot, twelve inches, off the trunk. This made the tree too short, so he cast it aside and went to look for another.

The next one he saw was amongst a group of tall spruce trees. In order to get his meat, so to speak, he had to clear away the limbs of the tall, tall trees. He had almost cleared a sufficient number to give him sufficient room, when on the last limb and the last stroke, the axe slipped and bit him on the cheek. It may be meant as a loving touch, but it certainly left a good impression. This however did not perturb the axeman—he uses a safety razor and is used to that sort of thing—who just applied some gum from a nearby balsam.

More determined than ever he

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placed himself in a good position, measured his distance and prepared to bite through the tree with one one mighty swing. He drew back the axe, brought it down with all his force, hit the tree, severed it but the axe continued its journey and stopped only when it struck the bone of his big toe. He looked amazed, I mean looked at his foot and saw the blood streaming from his cut shoe.

He said something regarding the axe—it hardly bears repeating—and forgetting the tree hobbled bravely towards his car. He returned home, dressed his toe, and then went out and bought a Christmas tree for a dollar.

It certainly is a wonder what the north will teach one.

Prof. P.—And who is that jolly little old gentleman that came laden with Christmas cheer?

Jerry—The bootlegger! —Judge

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A KRISTAG BRIEF

Waterloo, Ont.
Dec. 10, 1927.

Liebe Ma und Pa:

Jetzt is es net mer lang dann bin ich bei eich wieder dahaem fuer a klae veil un ihr waest net wie das mich froh macht wenn ich mei gross Fies unner da Tisch stecka kann un in mei aegenes klae bet schlofa kann. Ich sag dir Ma es macht a unnerschied.

Ich daet gleicha saga wass ich von Santa Claus haba will aber dann daeta die kerls mich vielleicht mer auslacha. Ich wuensch du daets da Santa schreibe un sagt was er a par von mei Freunda bringa sol.

Erst du waescht unser guter Dr. Little gleicht sei Kinner uf a Schlita rum fora. Er hat a ziemlich haufa un es nemmt viel zeit sie alle satisfya. Ich hat gedacht Santa konnt ihn a toboggan bringa un denn konnt er die ganz bunsch uf ae mol fuer a ride nemma.

Der Dr. Shorten is leicht zu satisfya, un ich denk a schae grosse box vol "Maple buds" and sigars daet ihn uffixa.

Da Boarding club, glaub ich, daeta pleased sei wenn sie a barrel von "cornsyrup" kria daet. Mir hen es juscht ae mol a dag un die kerls gleicha es so das mir es net staerk gnug nei kria koenna.

Ich maen Santa sot die zwae Herbert a Baesa, Mop, Pencils, Ink un all sowass bringa dann daeta sie net von uns borrowa braucha.

Ich hat ihr Geld letzt Woch gekriegt un ich waess net ob ich mei Maedel a box candies oder a Watch kaufa sol. Ich waess a dael kerls kaufe ihr Maedel schae presents un ich daet mei Maedel aens kaufa gleicha. Was sagst ma? Sie gleicht mich dann besser un du waest was sell maent.

Well, Ma next Freidag hen mir unsere Christmas banquet un ich will bald anfanga mich zu prepara so dass ich mit die anner kerls competeta kann.

Ich kuck forward zu da Zeit das ich uf da station platform steh kann un hands shaka mit mei alte Freinda aber especially will ich eich sehne un bis dann, bin ich,
Dei Klae Herzle.

A Shocking Revelation

Continued from page one and made families happy without letting anyone know how it happened. How different the world is today. In former times gifts were given anonymously and to help people in need. To-day one receives presents from every Tom, Dick and Mary as long as the names are known and able to be written in blazoned letters. And people have become so habitual in their remittances that they fool themselves into thinking its—for love. What a grand and glorious feeling! But in many



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Discords

Weir—Say, George, if Lindbergh and Santa Claus were to race to the North pole, who would get there first?

Roberts—Why, Santa Claus, of course.

Weir—No, Lindbergh would, there ain't no Santa Claus.

Prof. to theological student—How would you discover a fool?

Student—By the questions he would ask.

Minister (who dropped in unexpectedly)—What a delightful thing to see the young folks filled with Christmas cheer. All so gay, so animated.

Host—Er—I don't suppose you touch the stuff yourself, sir!

—Judge

Prof. Henkel, in philosophy—Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you may die.

G.W.R.—No, I would not say that. I would say, Don't eat, don't drink, but be merry, for Christmass will soon be here, then eat, drink and be merrier.

Editors, business managers and the printers devils of this column join in wishing all its readers

A MERRY XXXMAS

instances the derriere-pense is that perhaps in the exchange of gifts they might come out in flying colours. Thus we might say that this "give and take" game has become highly commercialized. Again, when we read of some large manufacturer of dolls and toys advocating a Christmas in June as well as in December then we know that some time or other there is going to be a "grand slam" and the game will be over.

But to get back to convincing the "Under Classmen" that daddy is the Santa claus. This spirit very often takes a human form. There are so many chimneys in the world, and children will wake up so dreadfully early on Christmas morning, that nowadays even a ghost has not time to go all round the world in a single night. Thus the ghost of St. Nicholas splits itself into little atoms of kindness, and these atoms, like seed thrown from a sower's hand, take root in the hearts of fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and friends, consequently all become Santa Clauses.

You skeptics, keep an eye and an ear open this Christmas Eve and when you hear the least noise don't cover your head and take it for granted that the reindeer are prancing on the roof and Santa will slide down the chimney any minute. On the contrary be alert and watch your mother and father enter the room with parcels of toys, candies, nuts and oranges.